

New Truths

Wiki

Yo, what are the reviews gonna say on this one?
We already knew he could rap?
What? He overdoing it?
Like somehow it's bad I mastered my craft
I don't got shit to prove
I don't need you to approve of it

It all started with "Party and Bullshit", then saw the flaming bush
Parted the seas the moon hardly been pulling, keep it pushing
Read a book or keep it shush
How the tide so tied to a rock in the sky? Look
Could see it from Dubai all the way to Brooklyn
Sometimes it eclipse, shit, whatever to keep you looking
Don't that make you blind?
I ain't know, I ain't slow, but I never was a pro when it came to science
I'm just bold 'cause I was exposed
Listened to what I was told from every single soul
Mix it all up in a pot, give it a different tone
Lot of college kids piss me off, talk like fricking clones
Of the next half-ass old professor (Uh)
But you can't talk to someone that don't know the lecture (Nah)
You ever talk to someone with no direction? (Uh)
Ever talk to someone who ain't go for letterman?
Sold anything they hold, slept at whoever's home would let 'em in
While you wrote letters hoping that they let you in
You ever talk to them? (Uh)
Graduated from a loud pack to some pounds, now he 'bout to get it in
For you, it was just cap and gowns, a little gin
From your father's liquor cabinet he finally let you in
But you lacked, blacked out, left you assed out on the couch
What I'm 'bout to have to say, don't get mad about
But, B, you ball like you got dragged out the house
I ball like, "We really talking 'bout practice now?"
You could laugh about it now
It's been long since, still some nonsense way they took it out of context, but what does it matter now?
On to the next stress in life I gotta solve, what's that all about?
Uh, uh (What's that all about?)
But its all good, just some more shit I had to rap about

Too many men like 50
But they ain't out to get me
Nah, they just try to get in with me
But I got enough friends
To be polite pretend
But the act could only last for like ten
Throw the mics out the lens
Do it raw, hardcore, the shit you can't type, gotta write with a pen
Some real shit like you writing kites to the pen'
Just finished my last shit, don't want me writing again

I passed it down, I'm past it now
I'm twenty-seven and respected, I don't have to bow
I don't have to laugh and smile, I'm established now
How? Ask the crowd, you don't see 'em chanting out?
He an actor now, but rap like he work at Santa's house
All I actually have to have is chow, a half a pound of loud

And a honey that will hold me down after mouth
I'm talking me to her and her to me
Only if you worthy, B
A little top swap
I'll give you what you deserve, but only if you make it work for me
Let's see what you got, ma, don't care how the curtains be
I don't judge, I fall in love with every girl I see
Every one's a pearl to me, they all mean the world to me
But they either curving me or acting like a bird to me
Brand new, acting like they ain't heard of me
Few that do be cute and try and flirt with me
Flirt back for the courtesy, but what's concerning me
Is they the ones always trying to get my sperm from me (Shit)
Then it occurred to me, I'ma give the Earth my seed
Splurging, have a whole world of mes
Cursing, running 'round like circus freaks
But all of 'em half God like Hercules
Slack off, burden me
But they'll all have bars, what else will they learn from me?
No matter what, some mutts cast off, ain't a worthy breed
All of 'em will certainly surpass me with certainty
After everything I did, it's their turn to speak
Remained an old soul like turtles be
Stayed underground like gerbils be
The label burned 'em like a third degree
Churned 'em like butter in the bakery
I urged 'em when they muttered to say they piece
Whole thing, A to Z
Uh (The whole thing)
Take it from moi, then I murdered 'em with everything that came to me

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Just finished my last shit, don't want me writing again (Too many men)
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Just finished my last shit, you don't want me writing again
Life is mixed up, that's why you can't never let a baby speak
I separate one and two like 96 and Chamber Street
That's the 1 Line
And you dumbfound, dumb find
Off of one line and one rhyme
Got a mix of spic and mick in my bloodline
Love music, can't beat it like drumline
Hate school 'cause it keeps me so confined
So when I get out, always know it's one time
Peace out, motherfucker, let the funk shine